THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 21. SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

The Queen is suffering less severely from the neuralgia which has troubled Her Majesty of late.

We are in a position to state that there is absolutely no truth in the report that the Emperor has experienced a return of his rheumatic seizure. Dr. Ricord has not been required to attend at the Tuileries for the last fortnight.

The Premier has issued a circular to his adherents, requesting their attendance "in their places" (where else should they sit?) on the meeting of Parliament, fixed for the 8th of next month.

The Address in reply to the Speech from the throne will be moved by Captain the Hon. F. Egerton, member for East Derbyshire, and seconded by Sir C. W. Dilke, member for Chelsea. The Address in the House of Lords will be moved by the Marquis of Huntley, and seconded by the Earl of Fingall.

Une cocotte qui pose pour la race, à son amie:
"Ma famille a toujours occupé de hautes positions: mon père était dentiste, mon oncle est sergent de ville, et mon frère est employé au ministère des travaux forcés!"

The card which it is proposed that every cabman shall in future be required to deliver to his fare at the time of hiring is not, as in Paris, a little limp slip of paper, but a substantial card, about 2⅜ inches deep, by about 3½ inches broad. On one side it is to bear the number of the hackney carriage and the owner's name and address, for reference in case of complaints or property left in the vehicle; on the reverse is the following table of fares:—

FARES.

For a carriage licensed to carry five persons; if required by the hour, to be expressed at the hiring. No fare less than 1s.	s.	d.
Per mile, or part of a mile	0	6
The driver not compelled to exceed six miles from the place of hiring.		
For waiting: Every fifteen minutes completed, one-fourth part of the rate per hour.		
Per hour, or part of an hour	2	0
The driver not compelled to exceed one hour from the time when hired. For every fifteen minutes, or part of fifteen minutes, above one hour, one-fourth of the rate per hour.		
If discharged beyond the radius of four miles from Charing Cross, for every mile or part of a mile...	1	0
Children under the age of ten, half price. Two children to be counted as one adult person.		

LUGGAGE.

For each package carried outside	0	2

EXTRA PERSONS.

For each person above two, for the whole journey ...	0	6

We hear that a young lady at one of the Metropolitan theatres has received an "invitation," whence we dare not say, to—— lengthen her petticoats.

Il a déjà quelques jours, un monsieur invité dans une maison du boulevard Haussmann arrive à l'heure dite, entre dans le vestibule et gravit les premières marches de l'escalier.

"Monsieur ne s'est pas bien essuyé les pieds," fait le concierge.

Le monsieur redescend et frotte de son mieux ses bottes sur le paillasson. Au moment où se croyant irréprochable, il pose de nouveau la main sur la rampe de l'escalier:

"Monsieur est encore un peu crotté," lui dit poliment le concierge.

Le monsieur, timide, rougit en balbutiant:

"C'est vrai, le temps est si mauvais."

"Oui," reprend le concierge, "un temps affreux! Et puis, c'est la première fois que j'ai l'honneur de voir monsieur, il ne sait pas qu'on ne *vient ici qu'en voiture!*"

A Mrs. Coates, residing in East Twenty-third-street, New York, has, it seems, a husband who is given to excessive drinking. When "on the drink" he is accustomed to "raise the wind" by taking household goods to the pawnshops. In one of his fits of intemperance, the other day, Mrs. Coates put him effectually under restraint by clapping a pair of handcuffs upon him. After a time he emerged into the streets, and was at once seized by the police, who locked him up as an escaped criminal. After vainly assuring them that "some fellow" did it for a lark, he confessed the truth, and his wife being sent for she confirmed his avowal and marched him home.

The identical cane handed by Lord Lovat on the scaffold to his cousin, William Fraser, was sold by auction, on Saturday, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, and realised 24*l.* 10*s.* Something like a gold stick!

The first act of the International Wrestling Match was played out on Thursday night at the Agricultural Hall. The result was two falls to England, and two to France; either nation being successful in its own style.

Rumour hath it that young Brigham has lost 1000 dols. at a card party in New York. As in Moses's time, Faro's false profits got the better of him.

Mr. Sothern, who met with an accident while "out with the Baron" last week, is progressing satisfactorily under the care of Sir Henry Thompson.

"Why, what *is* the matter, Mr. de la Pluche?" quoth Jane to Jeames; "you're in such a state behind!" "Well, the fack is, my dear," replied he of the defiled canary shorts, "that Lord Boottop has relieved hisself of my suvvices."

Deux paysans chassent un lièvre:
"Où avais-tu donc la tête en partant, Pierre, tu as pris le vieux fusil qui n'a pas de chien?"
"Tais toi donc, imbécile, le lièvre n'en sait rien."

G., the now too famous doctor, was stating the other day that he knocked up a horse a-month. "Not," added he, modestly, "from the number of my patients, but because they live one at Kensington, one at Highgate, and in every remote quarter of the town." "I see," remarked a cynical listener: "those you visit are generally *aux dernières extrémités*."

Alexander Herzen died suddenly in Paris on Saturday last, at the age of 55.

The following is the official return of the votes recorded in the election of judge for the coming Waterloo Meeting:—Mr. Warwick, 31; Mr. Hay, 6; Mr. Spofford, 1; Mr. Bennett, 1; Mr. Westropp, 1.

"I am going to open a jeweller's shop," said a "recently liberated one" to his friend. "Indeed!" replied No. 2; "have you any capital?" "No; but I've a crowbar."

French operetta generally, as well as Madame Schneider particularly, will be among us in May. *Les Turcs*, *Les Brigands*, and *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, will probably be given in the course of the season.

A quarrel in our own family: guaranteed—
HUSBAND: Ah! if Providence should take you from me, I don't think I should lose my senses sufficiently to marry again.
WIFE: I should. It would be impossible I could get a worse husband than you.
HUSBAND: So much the better. I should then certainly be regretted by some one.
WIFE: By whom, pray?
HUSBAND: By him.

A fine dead male child, carefully packed, was forwarded a few days ago, by the Parcels Delivery Company, to one of the managers of the Canterbury Music Hall. The consignee denied all knowledge of the goods.

A well-known character in Parisian circles, and founder of the French Jockey Club, Count de Château-Villard, died a few months ago, leaving behind him a considerable fortune, the disposition of a portion of which, by reason of its eccentricity, is just now under consideration by the Paris tribunals, at the instance of the Count's two grown-up children, the offspring of his first marriage. It seems that during his lifetime the celebrated French sportsman was in the habit of burying his old hounds in a particular enclosure on his estate, and that he had erected over them a monumental column inscribed "To my true friends." The Count, however, desired to carry his affection for these members of the brute creation a step further, and to be buried beside them, and gave this direction in his will, leaving, moreover, a sum of 60,000 francs for the erection of a handsome mausoleum, within which were to be disposed the statues, busts, and other works of art at his château of Villard, together with all the portraits of his female friends. A further sum, sufficient to produce 2,000 francs a-year, was to be set aside for the salary of a keeper of the proposed mausoleum. The widow of the Count desires that the provision of the will may be strictly fulfilled, and has instructed counsel to support her views before the tribunal that will judge the case.

"Tomkins not a genius!" indignantly expostulated one of that great amateur's toadies; "why he even composes the poems of his *libretti*: he is at the same time Scribe and Meyerbeer." "Possibly," answered B. Sharp; "but it is when Scribe writes the music and Meyerbeer the verses."

When the recent panic at Liverpool was at its height, an old Irishwoman who was in the body of the church made for the door. She was forced forward by the crowd, and fortunately reached the street in safety. In the crush, however, she had lost her shawl. She returned to the door, and demanded re-admission. The priest in charge refused the request. The old lady protested that she would not lose her "fine tartan shawl." This so exasperated one of those who were removing the dead that he told the old woman to go home and be thankful that "although she had lost her shawl she had escaped with whole bones." The old lady went away grumbling that, although she had been crushed, she would yet come back for her shawl.

Further particulars concerning the Sancy diamond. This beautiful stone belonged to Charles the Bold, and, having been picked up after the battle of Morat by a Swiss soldier, was sold by him for a florin, as he took it for a piece of crystal. In 1793, it formed part of the crown diamonds of France, and, having been stolen, was taken to India, becoming, finally, the property of the Demidoff family, in whose hands it still remains. Jules Janin relates an amusing anecdote respecting what happened to him in reference to it. "In 1838," he says, "when on the point of visiting Italy with Prince Demidoff, and sitting at table with him and his family, I asked the Princess Aurore to show me the wonderful diamond. Afterwards, having inadvertently put it into the pocket of my white waistcoat, I forgot all about it until the next morning, when, the laundress having called, I bethought me of the jewel in time to prevent her carrying it away."

During his examination on the late trial, Ochse *v.* Kate Smith [*née* (?) Cooke], Mr. Ochse admitted that he had taken his wife, Madame Bernstein-Ochse, to the Argyll Rooms, as she had expressed a wish "to see the beauties of London."

A social scandal has this week agitated New York. The Rev. Horace Cooke, a Methodist preacher, having exercised a fascination over a young lady of his congregation through religious zeal, eloped, abandoning his wife and two children. He brought her to Philadelphia, and, leaving her at an hotel, went back to New York, where he endeavoured to thrash one of the editors of the *New York World*. The young lady found her way back home, and the erring preacher is writing disjointed letters to the newspapers to prove himself insane.

There is a friendly habit among Egyptians on all occasions which might "take" in London. At first the young ladies would laugh, but if the fashion once came in they would see nothing ludicrous in it. A young Bey takes another young Bey, puts one forefinger inside his friends, and promenades with him up and down very gravely and very happily, hand in hand, linked together, or rather far apart, for hours, saying nothing and having nothing to say. If Pylades and Orestes will try it at home it will be found an excellent substitute for conversation. They might begin in the park.

The Man Abroad.

PARIS, *January 27th.*

DESPITE an absence of a month's duration from Paris, in which time personal government has been exchanged for parliamentary, a prince of the blood arrested on the charge of murder, revolution threatened in the streets, and the greatest criminal of modern times expiated his misdeeds on the scaffold, I am at a loss for matter wherewithal to compose a letter of even moderate dimensions. It is easy to write page upon page upon the political situation of France at the present moment, or to unite the thousand and one stories about the unfortunate occurrence of Prince Pierre Buonaparte. But of the light airy stories which would be palatable to none more than to the readers of the *Man About Town*, there are literally none. Whether Frenchmen are gradually losing that vivacity and sparkle which have been their characteristics for so many hundred years, or whether the events of the past few weeks have taken away their appetite, for the moment, for all the pleasanter occupations of life, I will not venture to say; but, be it as it may, Paris was never duller, in a social sense, than at the present time. Receptions and entertainments, except in an official sense, there are not, and even these are poor affairs compared with the fêtes of former years. M. Cherreau receives this evening at the Hotel de Ville for the first time. He may do the thing very well, but, succeeding M. Haussman, whose genius for hospitality was marvellous (whatever his detractors may allege against him, they cannot deprive him of this quality), he certainly makes his début at a great disadvantage. Yesterday there was the first state ball at the Tuileries, and, though the company was numerous, and, in a certain sense, brilliant, the odds are that, if the whole assembly had been polled one after another, not half could have told you who was their grandfather. It is certainly one of the greatest—I think the greatest—misfortunes (which is the logical sequence, after all, of the *coup d'etât*) of the Imperial Government, that it has brought to the surface such a vast cohort of adventurers, now become "*gens du palais*," or something of the sort. It is a misfortune not only for society in France, but for the existing dynasty as well, because it has raised up an insurmountable barrier between the Tuileries and the Faubourg St. Germain; whereas, under other circumstances, the wide breach between them might have been bridged over ere this, and the chances of future troubles for France by so much diminished. But it was not to be; and among the crowd that fills the fine salons of the Tuileries with much that is distinguished and great, as the Duc de Grammont and M. de Talhouet, we may also see the uncourtly Paul de Cassagnac and the other proletarian members of Imperial journalism. The Emperor looks remarkably well, in despite of the stories that have been current this week as to his indisposition. Undoubtedly, the events of the last few months have been very trying to him, living, as he and the rest of us have done, in a perfect whirl of excitement and anxiety; but I repeat that, in despite of all that, he is looking better than I have seen him for years. The Empress, too, appears to have benefited by her tour in the East; while the Prince Imperial is growing very fast, and, I hear, promising to make a man of great talent, if he continues to progress as he has done of late under the tuition of General Froissard. I believe that a few days since he received an autograph letter from the Pope, his godfather, in answer to one which he had written to His Holiness, to congratulate him on his birthday; and that the Nuncio, Mgr. Chigi entertains a very high opinion of the young Prince's talents from the style and tone of his letter to the Holy Father.

When I last wrote to you from Paris—although I knew, in common with the rest of the world, that there would be an immediate change of the Ministry—and although I expected Emile Ollivier would be charged with the duty of forming a "truly Liberal" Government—I was quite unprepared for the sweeping change which has taken place on the composition of such an advanced Cabinet as the actual one. That De Forcade la Roquette, Duvergier, Leroux, &c., must go, was the general opinion; but few thought that the right and left centres would drop their differences, and help to form one homogeneous and united majority. Indeed, even now, although the new order of things is less than a month in existence, rumours are flying about—they have been contradicted, I must allow—that there is dissension in the ranks, at least among the officers, and that changes in the Cabinet may be expected. It is to be hoped that this is not the case, for the task which Ollivier and his colleagues have before them is one of enormous difficulty, even if they pull together as one man, with any misunderstanding among themselves impossible. To destroy the remaining vestiges of personal Government in the shape of official candidatures, automaton Prefects, the protection of functionaries from ordinary prosecution by citizens, and to establish free trial by jury of all offences, are but the introductory chapters to the book of laws which we expect at their hands. So far they have justified the favourable opinion formed of them at the outset of their career by the great majority of journalists and politicians; but it must be also borne in mind that if they have not already done more, it is not with them that the blame must lie, but from the unexpected and disastrous tragedy of Auteuil, and the long and tedious discussion in the Chamber on the Treaty of Commerce. Of this latter topic it suffices to say that every one is sick of it, and that it is sincerely to be hoped that it will not be allowed to occupy the time of the House much longer. As it is patent that the treaty will not be withdrawn, and as all the modifications proposed can be discussed more expeditiously, and with greater effect, by a Committee of Inquiry, it is strange that already a whole week should have been devoted to the interminable harangues, of which that of M. Thiers alone was tolerable, even from an oratorical point of view. Of the *Affaire Buonaparte* and its consequences you will probably have heard more than enough. Occurring at such a time as it did, it would seem almost like an interposition of Providence to try the metal of our new Government, and to determine the real power of the Reds by giving them a real grievance, and putting in their hands a powerful weapon of defence. So far, the result must be counted satisfactory for the friends of order; in that, with a cause which seemed made to their very hands, they could not do more than create a deal of noise and very little harm. I am well aware that many people think that the attempt at revolution is only adjourned to another day. This may be; but as the Republican party will not soon have another such chance as the interment of the hapless Victor Noir afforded them, I cannot agree with them. Either, of the 150,000 people then present, nine-tenths came out of mere curiosity, or for the purpose of showing their sympathy for his sad end, but without being for an instant inclined to oppose the Government and dynasty, in which case the estimate given us of Republican influence is vastly over-rated; or, if the great majority were enemies of the dynasty, they yet refrained from backing up their words and opinions by acts—and, as I said, on an occasion highly favourable to them—simply because they knew that they would be dispersed like leaves before the wind by the forces opposed to them. I incline to the former hypothesis, and think that, though a strong nucleus of disaffection exists, it is not now increasing; and that with the Ministry which we have got, and with the measures that we may expect from them, we may hope in a few months to lay the ghosts of Republicanism and Revolution, which undoubtedly have been raising their heads aloft in this troublesome city of Paris during the last two years.

If a fault is to be found with the action of M. Ollivier's Cabinet so far, it is in the conduct of the Rochefort prosecution. He has, I think, at present the best of the argument. Either he was a great criminal, and deserved five years at the galleys (bully for you, my boy!), or he was innocent, and so should have been acquitted entirely. Six months' imprisonment and 3,000f. fine is an absurd sentence: the more so that, as before it will be carried into execution, a new amnesty will be promulgated, either on the passing of the new law as to the trial of press offences, or in honour of the majority (at fourteen) of the Prince Imperial, by which amnesty of course the editor of the *Marseillaise* will get off scot-free. The best way would have been to leave him alone, and have let him lose the rest of his popularity with the *canaille*, the which had been on the wane ever since his white face and fainting-fit had betrayed his want of pluck—death to a Frenchman.

Tropmann's ghost has at last been laid, and the doubt as to his having had accomplices must be left to that time which breaks all things, and which, if their existence is not apocryphal, may yet verify the old adage that "murder will out." As he persisted so firmly to the very last in his statement, and as it really does seem impossible, physically speaking, that he should have been the sole agent in that fearful butchery at Pantin, together with the fact that he was several times seen in company with one or two individuals (always the same) previous to the murder of Madame Kinck and the children, while the ground where he asserted that the portfolio was hidden was found freshly moved by the famous Gaulois committee of discovery, at some future day this now insoluble question may receive an answer in the affirmative. Last Friday his body, which had been given up to his family, was exhumed, and re-interred in the same cemetery, but in sacred ground, where three crosses tell of the remains of Orsini, Lapommeraye, and Verger, until now its sole occupants.

The Man at Mudie's.

THE HOTEL DU PETIT ST. JEAN.*

"On ne dit jamais aussi bien que quand on dit vrai."

SO says the motto in the title-page of the story in one volume before us, which is one of French provincial life—a life which, although it is beginning to be made a little more familiar than it used to be, through the medium of novels and novellettes, which have been rather multiplied of late, involves a variety of subjects less hackneyed than those usually chosen.

We have already mentioned that it is a story *in one volume*, because there are people who consider that fact to be a considerable recommendation, and whose creed it is that a fiction which is short must necessarily be better than one which is long.

It would, perhaps, be out of place in the present instance to endeavour to demonstrate the fallacy of such a belief; we must limit ourselves to the remark that it comes rather near the axiom of the Bourgeois de Paris, when he says, "Ce qu'il y a au monde de plus spirituel, de plus habile, de plus convenable, c'est de ne rien dire."

The incidents recorded in the "Hôtel du Petit St. Jean" are supposed to take place in a city called Nogent, one of the fairest cities of Gascony. Its inhabitants are thus described:—

"They have a marked and not very handsome type; they speak French with a Gascon accent that is inexpressibly distressing; but their native dialect, or '*patoües*,' the language, as they call it, of 'las pastouras,' is graceful and sonorous, full of poetry and very flexible. These people are Gascons in blood and culture—boastful, passionate, and headstrong. They are musical and excitable, and not very progressive in their ideas; indeed, many patriarchal habits and feelings have survived among them both revolutions and the fall of dynasties, and the Nogennors have to the full their share of virtues, as well as vices, of that which they boast themselves of being—'les hommes du midi.'"

The story appears to be written to bring to light a few of these peculiarities. A criminal trial in a French law court—an entertainment at the Préfecture—the opening of a church—are full of amusing local details; but there is nothing very stirring in the plot, or very interesting in any of the characters. It has been said, "Tout se passe en Province," yet our friends in the Chef-Lieu of the Department of "—— et Garonne" do nothing very eccentric, nor does anything very out of the way happen to any of them. They fall in love and out of it; marry and are given in marriage; are very happy and very miserable, according to the laws of all human existence; yet they do not very violently enlist our sympathies: we bear the recital of their griefs with perfect equanimity, and if they fall sick and die, or recover, as the case may be, we incline to say, with much philosophical resignation, "So be it!"

It is all very pretty and very natural, and tends to the comfortable belief that "Dans l'organisme sain, toute plaie tend a se fermer."

The chief interest of the story lies in a broken engagement. Léonce Duval, a poor clerk under

* *The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean. A Gascon Story.*

the archiviste of the Préfecture, is so bold as to fall in love with Mdlle. Marie Nadard, the daughter of Mons. and Mme. Nadard, of the Hôtel du Petit St. Jean, and heiress of no one knows exactly how many milles livres de rente. The manner of his proposal for her hand, so little justified by his position and circumstances, will give some idea of the author's style :—

"Léonce, when he came to woo, was very nervous, and the noise of some empty wine-casks, as they rolled off a cart at the door of the inn, absolutely made him start.

Mme. Nadard was in the parlour, and Léonce, after bows and compliments, asked if he could see the landlord on business. The landlady called her husband, and then sat down over against Léonce, with a snort which he seemed both to feel as well as to hear, as he took a chair near the window; so much combativeness of manner was, to say the least of it, inauspicious. After one remark about the weather and the wine-casks, regarded as a premonitory symptom of the vintage, Léonce plunged into the matter. It was some time since he had had the pleasure of meeting *ces dames*—of offering to Mdlle. Marie, surrounded as she always was with admirers, the homage which she so well deserved.

"'Bien! très bien,' put in M. Nadard, at this stage of the conversation. And then he stretched out his legs, and folded his hands across his fat paunch, while Mme. Nadard caught angrily at two black flies that were disputing with each other a place on the bridge of her nose.

"He had on two or three occasions, recently, ventured to address Mademoiselle. Indeed, he did not know whether the admiration and respect he felt for her had not often pierced through his manner; in short and decidedly, he was very much in love with her, and could any one blame him?

"'It is always our child,' said the landlord; 'our child, and a good one, and lively and clever. I don't wonder the men see a good deal in her; and nothing has been spared in her education, but still——'

"'Monsieur, I fear I have little chance of winning a hand so much sought after; but still I have youth, and I beg of you, M. Nadard, to consider, along with my youth and some prospects, and a respectable occupation, the affection (placed too high, if you will, but still very ardent affection) that I feel for your daughter.'

"'Bien, très bien! but it is hardly what we had hoped or wished for her.'

"'Still, Monsieur, if I might venture to interpret some phrases of that young lady's——'"

"Here was Mme. Nadard's opportunity.

"'Phrases!' she did not know what he meant, or in what species of world he might have lived, who supposed her daughter capable of such things. Phrases! her daughter was incapable of them. She supposed one nourished and brought up children for some other purpose—to place them well in life, and not to have one's ears filled with phrases of this sort. She could, in the meantime, furnish him with one phrase for his meditations, viz.—that Marie would take the husband provided for her by her papa and the bon Dieu, and say, 'thank you;' and not declare cocks and bulls to any '*godelureau*' in Nogent, or twenty miles round.

"'Notwithstanding, Madame, and as, on account of the modesty of Mademoiselle, I have not dared to urge a suit not protected as yet by you, I hope——'

"'Ta, ta, ta,' put in M. Nadard. 'Let the girl alone—both of you. I don't want to see her married yet, and she wants none of you. I will tell you my mind frankly, M. Duval. She is my only child. For five years she was a squalling monkey, for five more a pert filette—a perverse little plague, never out of mischief; for five or six more she was at school; and now surely a man, without being too much of a curmudgeon, may wish to keep his only child to himself for a bit.'"

However, both father and mother are finally over-persuaded, and the young couple become engaged; but Marie is of a passionate nature, and is, moreover, a spoilt child, so she and Léonce quarrel and the match is broken off.

Perhaps one of the best-written passages in the book is nearly at the close, when Marie, faithful to the last, in her tender love for the inconstant Léonce, returns to the household of the "Petit St. Jean," in order to nurse its inmates through a fearful epidemic.

He dies, faintly breathing the word "*Merci*," as she hangs over him full of grief and forgiveness; and, after it is all over, she repasses in her mind the events of her life, and says—

"'Merci! Ah! Léonce, that was all; but it was enough. Yes, I had given him the best of my life, and I had cursed him for having robbed me, taking all and giving nothing back. And now, Merci! it is well—it is enough.'"

"And she was right," adds the author. There is, or ought to be, no debtor or creditor account in love: only always in deed, and sometimes in word, "*Merci*."

OUR SEA FISHERIES.

IT is quite time that the attention of Government should be directed to the rapid decrease of our Sea Fisheries, too self-evident a fact from the enormous prices that are asked for even the commonest sorts in any market. This is a question that, unlike that of salmon or oysters, affects the million, and not the richer class. It behoves one, therefore, to enquire how it is that a matter of such vital importance has hitherto escaped the notice of those in power, whose duty it is to guard such interests.

The want of some such enquiry is more particularly felt at this season, when poverty in all its forms of wretchedness meets us at every corner of the street. One has but to walk down Leather-lane, Whitechapel, or the New Cut, and see the crowds of hungry, squalid figures, bargaining for what a few years ago was within the reach of the poorest of the community, and afforded a wholesome meal, to be convinced that either fish are leaving our coast, or that their haunts are being destroyed and their spawn sacrificed.

Long and earnest were the appeals, numerous were the addresses and deputations that waited upon the Home Secretary, until the enormous price of salmon, and their almost certain extinction, brought people to their senses, and an Act for the Preservation of our Fisheries was at length accorded. The benefits of that Act are now being felt through the length and breadth of the land. Salmon, at the end of last season, could be bought for 9d. per lb., whilst, at this moment, for a small haddock, scarcely sufficient for one person, and for which from 4d. to 6d. used to be charged, a shilling is the price now asked. Nothing but what absolutely touches the pocket of John Bull will bring him to his senses; and, liberal as the Government would have us to believe their policy is, in legislating for the poorer classes, we can scarcely reconcile their neglect of our Sea Fisheries with such statements.

It is purely ridiculous to suppose that because railways and telegraphs have enabled the consumption of fish to be spread over a larger surface of the country, and that therefore the supply is unequal to the demand, which the want of such facility of carriage in former days confined to certain localities; we say it is absurd to make use of such an argument as a reason for the diminution of the fish supply, inasmuch as those fisheries that are removed from the possibility of railway communication suffer equally, and furnish no longer any employment for the thousands that used to gain an easy independence.

It behoves, therefore, the Government to appoint proper persons, in order that they may probe the questions, as to whether the use of the Beam trawl, as it is now employed, is not destroying the spawn and tearing up the banks where fish used to abound; whether the use of small meshed seines are not calculated to destroy immense quantities of small fry, which are thrown away or left to rot upon the beach; and other inquiries, which our space will not permit us to mention here. Upon such information, given by competent persons, and at a very small cost, Government would be in a position to frame a bill, the basis of which would be founded upon such reports, and the wholesale destruction of our sea fisheries would be put a stop to, whilst the poorer class of the community would be materially benefited, as well as the rich, of the present day.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD NO. XIV.—JUNIPER.

First—

My attention was roused by a puny purr,
And to state the conclusion concisely,
I discovered that under a juniper
My cat had —— and all doing nicely. TABITHA.

Second—

Alonso bethought him, as on his bassoon he per-
Formed a light passage to soothe Imogene,
Of a bottle at hand, labelled "Extract of Juniper,"
(Vulgarly known to the English as "gin").

Now, Alonso, altho' he was never a true nipper,
Ever anon his mustachios would dip;
So, e'en as she slumbered, a pause in his tune he per-
Chance would avail of to take a sly sip. SPOONY PAIR.

Third—

In the Thousand or Oaks there shall few nip her
Fame in the bud.
Let us pledge her in Giessler or juniper :—
Nothing like blood! SUNSHINE.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The poacher stole the game he sold;
But, having taken too much juniper,
Was seized on by a true nipper—(a Bobby).
BLUE BELL.

Times were dull and dreary;
I felt worn and weary,
So lay beneath a juniper,
And slept.
Whilst thus reposing,
Or, rather, dozing,
A wicked wasp fixed firm in me his deadly dart;
Awakening, with a sudden start,
I cried, "Confound you, O you nipper!"
And wept. MANCUNIAN.

The other day, while bathing in
The sweet and balmy ocean,
A lobster caught me by the shin
(For which I bought a lotion).

My wife, who thought I'd come to harm,
Exclaimed, "Why did you linger?"
And pinched a great piece from my arm,
Between her thumb and finger.

The doctor said there was no cure
(For *this* was *quite* a new nipper),
Unless some juice I could procure
From berries of the juniper. JELLY FISH.

TO A MOSQUITO.

Great Juniper!—
(Jupiter, I mean, but that's an oversight)
Protect me from your ranc'rous bite
And venomed sting, Oh! you nipper.
Leave spotless my soft tender hide;
Get over to the other side,
And touch me not! VELOX.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doune, I per-
Ish all for love of gin and you;
How can ye deck your brows wi' juniper,
While wi' its juices I am fou? ROBY BURNS.

Lucy and Fred, in a golden dream,
Sat watching the pale moon dip her
Long golden beam in a silver stream,
'Neath banks of purple juniper.

On Lucy's nose a fly alighted;
She cried to Fred, "O Fred, do flip her!"
The gallant Fred, no whit affrighted,
Waved off the fly with twig of juniper.
BY JUPITER!

Swiftly the hounds are scenting their prey;
Swiftly o'er hedges the fox makes his way;
Swiftly they run, with nought to defer,
O'er gates and o'er bushes of juniper.

Swiftly the hunters follow behind:
The weather to-day is just to their mind;
By their bright happy faces one's led to infer
They've regaled on the "*gin*" made of juniper.
C. L.

My wife had twins—a lusty pair,—
But soon they both so puny were:
Instead of milk, their daily fare
Was gin distilled from juniper. PATER.

Amongst the ragged poor frost is a true nipper
Of feet, and hands, and faces; but within
They burn their very hearts with juice of juniper,
More commonly denominated "Gin."
OLD TOM.

Though I'm but a pussy cat
Lying 'neath a juniper,
Happy is my life and sweet
As the dreamy *tune I purr*.

Tune that tells of happy lovers,
Who have met beneath the tree;
Where I heard their pretty secrets,
For they never thought of *me*.

But when lads coquet and trifle,
Words of warning *soon I purr*;
"Only cats may catch and play with
Mice beneath the Juniper."
AN OLD MAID'S CAT.

One night, by the light of the moon i per-
Sisted in giving dear Kate a kiss;
She was flurried and coy, but soon i per-
Ceived that she did not take it amiss.

Dearest girl, pray grant the boon i per-
Sistently claim, to gladden my life;
And as we stood under the Juniper
Tree, she promised to be my wife.

Then I kissed Kate, and Kate kissed me;
And I wish that you all may be happy as we.
OLD FARMER.

PRIZE WORD NO. XV.—MONARCH.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions :—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JAWKINS.—We have not read your communication. We will not read it. We prefer death, or even the third class of the Red Eagle. Take any proceedings you like, and take them with you.

EL-BINGEUP.—Currant jelly applied in the manner indicated is a wonderful restorative and stimulant. It has entirely superseded the use of sal-volatile and eau-de-Cologne among the aristocracy.

NEW CHANNEL.—From forty to sixty. Less, if you take a portion in Hobbimas, Venice turpentine, accordeons, Sparkling Hock (Bagnigge Wells brand), dissected maps, and pig iron.

PARHELION.—He might have been *The Rightful Heir*, but he was evidently not the legitimate son.

DORCAS.—We shall be most happy to endeavour to assist you in the sale of the under-clothing you mention. Send a few dozen n—g—t sh—ts, and ch—m—s to our office as a sample. We will wear them in the intervals of business, and, if pleased with their fit, recommend them to our friends.

BOREAS.—Try Page Woodcock.

STRAY FIVER.—Do we know a good thing for the Chester Cup? Ay, marry, do we. Champagne and Seltzer against the world. And for a place? Why, the mouth, stupid!

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

Contribution papers received from A. B.; Bos; Jane; Flamingo; Rus in Urbe; Francesca; Spurgeon; Arthur J.; P. P. C.; Zitterquist; Romeo; Two Sisters; Jonadab; Ædipus; X. X.; Sir Bors; Felix; Sawbones; S. V. R.; Maid of Athens; Jacko; Anonymous.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST NUMBER.

C row D
A ttitud E
M anne R
E b B
L ullab Y

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Correct solution received. Pimlico Tom Cat; Church; Jehu; Paris; Forty-six; X.; Marksman.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

ALTHOUGH a month of it has well-nigh passed, we metropolitans can only now be said to be really commencing 1870. For—with the exceptions of New Year's Day, which is a kind of Christmas Day-and-water, and Twelfth Night, which is *What you will*, for since I made myself ill with a harlequin in sugar, I have forgotten—there is nothing in a London January to indicate any change from the hateful December we have left behind us. Some twice or thrice in a decade, when the thermometer has suffered from an unusually long fit of depression, a pleasant week on the ice relieves the monotony of the settled gloom, within and without, which pervades town at the beginning of a new year—which is always as like the old as two ears. I defy any one not in the secret to tell a good average 31st December from a fair sample of 1st January. But when there is no great smooth sheet of humming ice on which to disport our bright petticoats and gleaming balmorals, St. Januarius, alternately freezing and liquefying, like his gore in St. Peter's, is a terrible fellow: but for the blessed knowledge that February is behind him, and that he cannot keep us long from the violets, he would be worse than November. But as soon, it seems to me, as this dismal tract—the Westminster Road of the Almanack—is passed, there is a perceptible stir and flutter. Birds, I have been given to understand, re-commence those innocent flirtations to which their nipped wings and frozen beaks have so long felt unequal. St. Valentine shows the tip of his nose through the stationer's window, which shall in fourteen days or so be ablaze with paint and poetry. Tradesmen begin to dress their shop-fronts more seductively; cabmen who have cringed and called you "General" or "Your Grace" ("Captain" and "My Lord" are obsolete), for months, subside into their normal incivility; the housemaid, beloved of Britain's glory, begins to dream of the possibility of muslin; the senator of vomiting undigested Blue Books; the racing man of Lincoln Spring; the chaperone and the chaperoned of the pleasing agonies of "Society." The horror of Christmas bills has, by familiarity, lost much of its acuteness; one's shoulders have acquired a freer and more independent air; one walks erect, even in Chancery Lane and the regions round about Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is no mistake about it, the New Year is at last upon us.

I beg to state that we are to have "a good season." I have it from the best authority, therefore it is useless attempting to put me down. The first intimation I received was from my tailor, who has half the aristocracy of London, in armless brown paper effigies, in his shop, and ought to know. Tufter, of the Treasury, who is in the Park daily during the season, and knows a countess, confirmed the intelligence. Mr. Wash, who superintends the heads of the upper three, whispered it in my ear while shampooing mine on the Oxford system. The court newsman knows it; the club porter knows it; it is publicly stated in the house of call where H.R.H.'s state coachmen relax without their wigs; it has penetrated the crimson breast of the beadle of the Burlington—that gigantic robin; it has even been canvassed at Gooser's Spinney, and formed the topic of animated discussion at Boobington's Gorse. Finally, my esteemed friend Highberry Barnes, who lives in apartments in Baker Street, and sees Society as represented through the dazzling media of Gloucester-place and Upper Wimpole-street, says he "knows it as a fact"—in recognition of which testimony, which I hold to be conclusive, I have had my primrose gloves cleaned, the bones of my gibus re-set; I have laid in a bottle of De Guiche polish, a magnum of brilliantine, eighteen-pennyworth of ylang-ylang, and am prepared for the worst.

A good season. Ah, what a vista of enjoyment in perspective does that exquisite phrase open up to persons who, like myself, move in the "fust suckles"! What thrilling emotion must the wife merchant's assistant, or attorney's clerk, feel at the knowledge that Her Most Gracious Majesty will, health permitting, take a more active part in our entertainment than of late! To know for certain that there will be an extra state ball and two concerts at that Buckingham Palace with the exterior of which we are so familiar! It gives quite a flavour to one's Old Brown to read that His Grace the Duke of Montrachet will entertain a distinguished circle of friends, many of whom we know by sight, at dinner; and that covers will be laid for sixteen. We almost get to call him "Montrachet" before the paragraph is ended. It is exquisite, though brief and illusory pleasure. I enjoy it myself, sometimes, till I almost feel a chaplet of strawberry leaves encircling my Lincoln and Bennett. Well, we cannot all dine with dukes (I once did—at a table d'hôte—he was a foreigner, and borrowed five francs of me afterwards), but we can give a ducal air to our own banquets in Kensington or Newington Butts. I have known genteel parties residing in those chaste neighbourhoods quite change their smile, their walk, almost their mode of speech, during the season, especially if from the pit of the opera or in the park they have caught up some of the aroma from that *bouquet de millefleurs*—the upper three. Intoxicating but fatal sniff! How many estimable and heretofore robust citizens have I known to be prostrated by this subtle essence of milord! When I first knew the Tenpany's, in the Manchester goods way (what *is* the Manchester goods way?), a kinder-hearted, more genial, unaffected family, was never seen. Their dinners—though old T. went nearer his uvula with his knife than was consistent with safety, and Mrs. T. picked chicken bones artlessly with her fingers—were models of homely entertainment, to which one was welcomed with a hospitality which never failed and never altered. One luckless day Fortune placed him—*ille et nefasto* T. *posuit die*—beside a lord, a penniless one, at a public dinner. His lordship was affable, talked affairs, propounded schemes, joined directions, associated T. with him in gigantic schemes, borrowed money of him, went home with him, and, like a coronetted serpent, envenomed that vulgar but pleasant hearth for ever. But they were in Society for about an hour and a quarter, and it, doubtless, compensated them for the ruin which followed the introduction of Debrett into their Eden. And Tenpany is dead now (he executed a Deed of Composition first), and we are to have a "Good Season," so *vogue la galère!*

Of the awful mysteries of St. Stephen's we know but little; but we know that the rites will be in full swing in little more than a week. The Arch-priest has signified his Will—the People's Will—that every one should be in his place (I hope they will keep there) on the opening day, when an important subject—some educational Phryne, perchance—will be brought under their notice. Oireland, too, with her harp and her shamrock, her shillelagh and her blunderbuss, will be there in the midst; and possibly the ghost of the Alabama—that phantom ship—on a transparency in the background. Not such pleasant company even, it seems to me, as Lady Screwe Driver's Thursdays, or an evening at home with the weights for the City and Suburban *pour tout potage*. For those unaccustomed to cellars, the smoking-room of the House is a singular place for the enjoyment of the weed and S. and B.; but it is at any rate gayer than the parent establishment, and I can quite understand the rush made to it when —— is seen to rise majestically in his place. Attendance at the House has all the fatigue of a "late night," without the excitement attending that unholy diversion. Nothing will persuade me but that, except for the honour and glory of the thing, Mr. Bright would much rather be at Evans's. But he is compelled to pretend to like talk and tea better than hot grog and harmony, and in a fortnight he will be taking his fill of his fancies. Would that I had the making of both!

And, bitter as will be the reflection to the virtuous whom alien cakes and ale so affront, February brings its consolations even to the racing man. That dangerous criminal who has the audacity to import the phrascology and machinery of Capel-court into Albert-gate, has, sad to reflect, his blue sky, his opening flowers, his golden promises, in, *horresco referens*, the Spring Handicaps. After the gloomy "recess," like those in haunted bed-chambers, which intervenes between Warwick and Lincoln, the mind which counts the lapse of time by Derbies won by successive Brothers to Bluenose, turns with wild excitement even to entries and nominations, and counts no Scheherazade comparable to Admiral Rous or Mr. Topham. Those dreary columns of figures set before us, like sums, by Professor Weatherby, than which surely there can be no more arid and unfeeling reading, are fraught with joy to those learned in the mysteries of top-weights and feathers, and all the debateable region of "well in." If it is not an innocent gratification, it must bear its punishment with it. Let us wish them appetite too.

SONG.

There 's not a joy this earth can show
To make my blessing more;
No gift that Heaven can bestow
To crown my store.

There 's not a wish my soul can frame
That I would have exprest;
My heart has nothing left to claim,
And is at rest.

There 's not a hope that life can give,—
That life so fair to me,—
That lives not in the hope to live
And die with thee.

(Musical young ladies are invited to do their worst.)

The Grumbler.

CITY Parochial Charities! Bosh! don't talk such nonsense. Why not call things by their right names? City Parochial Humbugs, you mean. Why so? Why simply because if the whole business was not one gigantic misapplication of funds, it would be the best subject for a farce out. How? Why only fancy, in the great City of London, in the very heart of the metropolis—the very centre of civilisation, commerce, and progress, as it boasts itself to be—there are, within an oblong of one mile in length, by half-a-mile broad, actually *fifty-eight parishes*. No, the joke is really too good! Joke, you call it? just hear a little before you talk of jokes. Each of these fifty-eight parishes has got its own separate and distinct church, regular old *bonâ fide* stone-built buildings with real steeples, black-faced and gilt-figured clocks, that go (some fast, but mostly slow, 'tis true—still, *that go*), pulpits, pews, parsons, curates, clerks, beadles, sextons, pew-openers, hassocks, hymn-books, vestries, churchwardens, and all; with mostly small, tiny, overcrowded churchyards, with large overgrown crumbling old tombstones, with worn-out inscriptions, all complete; and upon an average, according to the most reliable returns, a full congregation of five persons—in some instances, parson, clerk, and pew-opener, forming three to be deducted from the aforesaid five. Isn't possible, isn't it?—well, scarcely—still, 't is a fact. Why, there is, for instance, St. Margaret Pattens (only fancy St. Margaret in pattens, and well might she wear them, if she had to revisit her parish, and had to wade through such a slop of muck and mismanagement, bequeathed by bygone years to that charming sanctuary in something or other street, yclept the church of "*St. Margaret Pattens*," where morning prayers have not been read, or bells rung, for several years; although with many endowments for the clergy and the repair of the church, besides a tithe and rent-charge. *Then* another! St. Mary Aldermary—£100 bequeathed to lecturer for Loans without interest—not accounted for. Again, St. Catherine Cree Church, £19 2s. left for a lecture, only occasionally delivered, and then, of course, delivered by the rector, vicar, or parson, or whatever else they call him, to the clerk, beadle, and pew-opener, and the deaf old sexton, who, having nobody to bury now (for who on earth would be buried in one of these musty, fusty, hide-and-bo-peep places), has, of course, nothing else to do but avail himself of free admission to the lecture, and take a quiet snooze in the empty churchwardens' pew after having had a good stare at the brave lecturer, who will so shortly pocket his well-earned portion of the aforesaid £19 2s. And just imagine all these parishes are more or less endowed, and have had bequests of every kind of property, such as lands, estates, houses, warehouses, workshops, wharves, farms, cottages, stables, and tenements, and goodly things in the three per cents. Of course the poor of these parishes ought to be well taken care of and provided for? Oh, of course they ought to be provided for. Only, singularly enough, there are no poor; at least none worth the talking about; no, I don't suppose fifty in the whole fifty-eight parishes put together. What then is done with all the money? Ah, of course, what *is* done with it? Why, there cannot be much, anyhow, after the rector, vicar, or parson has been paid—clerk, beadle, pew-opener, and sexton, paid—for vestry and churchwardens' expenses, and then the old charwoman has to be paid, as also her little charge for new mop, and soap for cleansing the church once a week. All fair enough. Of course it is all fair enough, and so is, or rather are, the following items all fair enough:—"Paid, 1868, for audit dinner at the Crystal Palace, £20 10s.; dinner at Richmond (another parish account), 1863, £29 8s. 2d.; 1864, £42 5s. (No! this was *a little* too fast, evidently; *Chateau Margaux* and *Perrier Jouet!*) 1865, £32 11s. 6d.," and so on. All very nice little accounts, and no doubt the dinners were excellent. Can't you see all the party—fat, waistcoat-bursting fellows, with fine, generous port-wine-face-looking countenances, and goodly double chins, half shrouded in their immaculate white cravats? Just fancy the Tupper of the party drinking—to the Ladies, not forgetting the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street; and then the poetic Reverend Snodgrass, the Rector, rising to propose the toast of the evening—the Memory of the never-sufficiently-to-be-appreciated and ever-to-be-admired Joshua Hardbake, Esq., who might justly be termed the founder of the feast. No!—he begs pardon—of the admirable charity of which they were by inheritance the humble guardians and auditors, and that day called upon to commemorate, etc., etc., etc. No; really it is all preposterous and almost incredible, remembering this takes place and happens in the good year of our Lord A.D. 1869-70. What would I do? Why, do away at once with all such nonsense, to call it by the mildest word. Put up all the old churches to be knocked down to the best bidder, have 'em all removed—cleared away at once, leaving only one for the necessary convenience of the district, invest the proceeds in the glorious Three per Cents., and have one conscientious commissioner paid so much per annum to see the dividends properly appropriated for the benefit of the actual poor. Plenty of starving creatures about? Yes, alas! there are; but there ought not to be one throughout the whole length and breadth of the realm, and there would not be one if these charities—or rather, if the income derived from all these charities and endowments—were only properly looked into, managed, and apportioned. Ah! I should make a good churchwarden, should I? Well, I don't know that; but this I do know—What is it? Why,

If I had a parish that had no poor,
Do you think I'd allow such games to endure?
No! I'll tell you what I'd do, 'tis this—
Do away with vestry *et cæteris*;
Parson, clerk, pew-opener—all,
I'd shunt the whole lot, both great and small;
If they dined at the palace, or Richmond, I know
'Twould be at their own expense they'd go;
And the money endowed, as was meant, I 'm sure,
Should really go—to the *really* poor.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

AS the weights for the Spring Handicaps only appeared in this week's *Calendar*, and as the acceptances for the same will be to hand early next week, I purpose deferring any notice of them until my next communication, when a deal of the rubbish which at present encumbers them will have been swept away, and the search for the good things of each consequently rendered less difficult.

On Saturday last the Court of Queen's Bench rejected somewhat summarily the appeal of Messrs. Wright, Smith, and Morris, the three commission agents convicted last June. The Judges did not even trouble the Attorney-General to reply in the case to the arguments of the appellants' counsel, so we may conclude that to their minds there was no hesitation as to the letter, as well as spirit, of the Act bearing on this case. The decision, though not unexpected, is important, as deciding as to the legality of their trade in the negative, and must, I suppose, be acquiesced in. But it must strike every impartial mind as strange that the authorities did not first direct their attention to a class of advertisers who were (and, alas, still are) infinitely more injurious to the public interest than the firms in question, who had always carried on their business fairly and above board, discharging their liabilities with readiness and punctuality. Need I say that I refer to the thirteen-stamp and winning modus division, who are allowed by several sporting papers—for a consideration—to make public their power to win any number of fortunes for those who will entrust them with a little cash to begin with? No doubt the profit which the papers I allude to derive from this source is very large, but considering that they are perfectly aware of the swindling nature of the advertisements which they insert, it is a pity that they do not, even at a temporary sacrifice of revenue, clear their columns of such impostures; the more so as one of the papers in question is always reading lectures on the abuses of the turf, and representing itself as one of the most pure and high-minded of its oracles. I have good reasons for stating that if the papers do not voluntarily refuse to insert all advertisements of this class, that the powers that be mean to proceed against them under a law now in force, if the lawyers who at present have it under their consideration advise that it is applicable to the case; if not, a member of the Government, who last year introduced and passed a bill to prevent a somewhat similar nuisance in Scotland, will, as soon as Parliament is opened, bring forward a bill on this subject, which will contain all the necessary machinery, and which is quite certain to be passed without any opposition; because every one is agreed that the evil, though a comparatively small one, is without any possible apology, and which should have been dealt with a long time ago.

I think that I have discussed the chances of every horse engaged in the Derby who is entitled to the French denomination of "serious," but there are still several who are from time to time befriended, from having either a good reputation among their own following, or from having been at one time tried good fair horses. I hope to be able to get through them in this article, so as to devote next week's entirely to the handicaps, and on the following Saturday to make a definite selection, which may, I trust, turn out to be the winner of the Blue Riband of 1870.

TORREADOR, a bay colt by Piccador—Stolen Moments, is, like Stanley and Exciseman, trained at Middleham, but by Osborne instead of Tom Dawson. Running unbacked for the Seaton Delaval Stakes at Newcastle, he finished third to Agility and La Calonne, receiving 6lbs. from the former, who won by a neck, and giving 7lbs. for sex to the latter, who was a length ahead of him. His next essay was in the Consolation Scramble Handicap at Pontefract, where, again unbacked, he finished in the rear of Little Bo-Peep, the Fiction filly, and others of that ilk. In the Hardwicke Stakes at Stockton, in the face of the then unbeaten Hawthornden, backed at a very slight shade of odds, Torreador was supported for heaps of money at 2 to 1, but even with a 10lbs. pull in the weights he could not get within two lengths of Hawthornden, who was himself behind both La Rille and Falkland. In the Corporation Stakes at Doncaster, with 7st 7lbs., he could not get near either Barrier, the winner, or the dead-heaters for second and third places, one of whom, by-the-by, was Normanby, who gave him 11lbs. On the following day he did manage to get within a head of Stanley for the Two Year Old Sweepstakes, and beat a long way Gertrude, Sunlight, and Burgundy; but as a few days later at Richmond, on the Tuesday, he could not beat Dark Cloud at even weights, or La Rille, when receiving virtually 12lbs., and on the second was cut to pieces by White Slave, I fancy this race was one of those unaccountable flukes we sometimes come across with in racing, and it is the difficulty which Stanley had in shaking off Torreador which makes me think he is not a second Pretender.

NOBLEMAN, by Marquis—Auld Acquaintance, is one of Mr. Bowes' representatives, and well named, as most of his horses are. He first ran at Ascot, in the Biennial, won by Blue Bell colt, but though heralded with a great flourish of trumpets, and backed for nearly as much money as the winner, he could not get in the first three. Excuses were made for him on the ground of his being not yet ready, but on the occasion of his next appearance at York, in the Convivial, Kingcraft gave him 7lbs. and lost him, while La Calonne also kept him out of second place. He had another shy at Kingcraft in the Triennial at the Newmarket First October, but with a like

unsuccessful result. His last appearance was in the Criterion, where he was never once prominent.

GOLDSBOROUGH, by Dollar—Old Orange Girl, has been talked of as being something out of the common, but at present he has not given us a taste of his quality. I am, however, inclined to doubt whether he is anything wonderful, as Mr. Bowes generally runs his two year olds for a few engagements if they are up to much. Nobleman will have to be, I expect, the trust of Streatham, but he is very far from being first class, and, although he may be an useful handicap horse for John Scott, is not likely to renew the glories of Whitewall. I should be very glad were I mistaken, for none deserve success more than Mr. Bowes and glorious old John Scott.

BAY ROLAND is the dark candidate, owned by Sir R. Pigot, and trained by Arnull at Newmarket. As his name would imply, he is by Fitz Roland—Young Melbourne mare, and has been backed at various periods both for this race and the Guineas. He may be the best horse in England for all I know, but I should prefer backing him to be one of the worst.

CRADLE, by Saunterer—Margery Daw, and, consequently, half-sister to See Saw, had a great name previous to appearance in public in the Middle Park Plate, where she performed very ingloriously. However, like the rest of the Danebury two year olds, she suffered severely from influenza last spring; and it is said that none of them ever really recovered from this during the season.

PRINCE OF WALES, own brother to Friponnier (not very loyal or complimentary, Mr. Morris), also was considered a good horse; his sole performance was in the Clearwell Stakes, for which he was not backed, but finished fourth, in front of Stockhausen, &c.

DEMIDOFF, by Carnival—Feodorowna, is another of the Danebury lot, and he performed rather creditably, on one occasion at least, during his two year old career.

It is very possible that one of this trio, probably Prince of Wales, may make some stir in the betting between this and June.

KENNINGTON, by Oxford—Polynesia, is unfortunately nominated by the Duke of Newcastle, and will probably, therefore, be unable to start for the Derby. This is unfortunate, as Kennington in his best form cannot be far inferior to Astolfo, and would, consequently, have a fair outside chance. The same circumstances render it useless discussing the chances of other animals in the same nominations.

SCARBORO', by Lambton—Cordelia, is the last animal I shall allude to, and to him very shortly. On one or two occasions he showed fair form, especially at Stockbridge, or rather Bibury, but was so often beaten by second-class animals, that he can have little chance of recompensing his supporters for the Derby, whatever he may do, under Mr. Angell's clever supervision, in handicaps. I have now referred to everything that can have the slightest earthly chance, and am ready to bet two to one that I have named the winner.

FORECAST.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ABSIT OMEN.

Though by profession, he must rise betimes,
On New Year's Eve he heard the midnight chimes;
It seemed to him—or was it really so?—
The old church steeple rang out "Not for Jo."

1.

Of wit and humour, such a genial flow;
Light lie the Turf whereon his laurels grow.

2.

Lo, here a wondrous contrast to the last—
Bad French, worse English, slangy, vulgar, fast.

3.

Mutely expressed by waving plume and pall;
Sooner, or later, it must come to all.

4.

Pay, and look pleasant; light a big cigar;
Purchase the M. A. T., and—there you are.

5.

Hurrah! Sir Joseph on the hop has caught 'em;
They laid in summer what they paid in autumn.

6.

I never made a book, yet strange to say,
My friends have often "put me in to lay."

HINTS TO THE ANONYMOUS.

c. by Lord Clifden—Topsy	.....	*Black Rock.*
c. by Gladiateur—Battaglia	.....	*Hippias.*
c. by Amsterdam—Chalybeate	.....	*Dutch Drops.*
c. by Marsyas—Saffron	.....	*Yellow Skin.*
c. by High Treason—Q. E. D.	.....	*Convict.*
c. by Dundee—Madame Stodare	.....	*Professor Anderson.*
f. by Blair Athol—Entremêt	.....	*Haggis.*
f. by Saunterer—Bianca	.....	*White Tie.*
c. by High Treason—Spes	.....	*Ambition.*
f. by Stockwell—Silkstone	.....	*Silk Stocking.*
f. by Dundee—Queen of the East	.....	*Queen of Scots.*
c. by Saunterer—Victrix	.....	*Lady Killer.*

RACING AND STEEPLECHASE FIXTURES.

FEBRUARY.

Birmingham Steeplechases	8, 9	Harrow Spring	17, 18
Lincoln Spring	15, 16	Newton Spring	25, 26
Derby Spring.....	22, 23		

MARCH.

Nottingham Spring.....	1, 2	G.Millitary & Rugby H.	16, 17
Liverpool Spring	8, 9, 10	Warwick Spring ...	22, 23, 24
Pontefract & W. Riding	14, 15	Enfield	25
Cambridgeshire.....	14, 15	Epsom Spring	29, 30
Co. Down Steeplechases	15, 16	Bromley	31, 1
West Somerset Steeple-chases	16, 17	Cheltenham Steeple-chases	31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton	5, 6	Kingsbury.....	18, 19
Southdown Hunt	6	Kildare Hunt	19, 20
Thirsk Spring	7, 8	Hambledon	22
West Drayton Spring..	7, 8	Lewes Spring	26, 27
Aldershot Steeplechases	7, 8	Croydon Spring.....	28, 29
Durham	18, 19	Rothbory	28
Newmarket Craven ...	18–22		

MAY.

Newmarket 1st Spring	2—6	Baldoyle	17, 18
Chester.....	10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring	19, 20
Winchester	10, 11	Harpenden	20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.	10, 11	Bath	24, 25
Salisbury	12, 13	Croydon 1st Summer...	26
Chelmsford	17, 18	Stamford	26, 27
York Spring	17, 18	Epsom Summer ...	31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye	7	Newcastle-on-Tyne	21, 22, 23
Manchester.....	8, 9, 10	Newton Summer...	22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer	8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer.....	23, 24
Ascot.....	14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club	29
Windsor June	21, 22	Stockbridge	30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July	5, 6	Reading	12, 13
Newmarket July	5, 6, 7, 8	West Drayton Summer	14, 15
Sutton Park Summer	5, 6	Knutsford	15, 16
Worcester	7, 8	Huntingdon	19, 20
Pontefract Summer ...	11, 12	Kingsbury Summer ...	21, 22
Nottingham July	12, 13	Goodwood.....	26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST.

Brighton	2, 3	Bromley	16, 17
Tiverton	3, 4	Stockton.....	17, 18, 19
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18, 19
Lewes	5, 6	York August	23, 24, 25
Egham	9, 10	Plymouth	25, 26
Wolverhampton	9, 10	Scarborough	29, 30
Windsor August	11, 12	Derby Summer	30, 31
Radcliffe	12, 13	Weymouth	30, 31
Lichfield	16, 17		

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6, 7	Hendon.....	22, 23
Abingdon	8, 9	Western Meeting Ayr.....	21, 22, 23
Doncaster Sept.	13, 14, 15, 16	Newmarket 1st Oct....	27–30
Hampton Autumn ...	20, 21	Lanark	29, 30
Richmond.....	20, 21		

OCTOBER.

Bedford	4, 5	Newmarket 2nd Oct...	10–14
Leicester	6, 7	Cheltenham Autumn..	18, 19
Bromley.....	6, 7	Newmarket Houghton	24–29

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn	8, 9, 10, 11	Shrewsbury	14, 15, 16, 17, 18

In the Arena.

MR. GOLDIE at Cambridge has been the first in the field (or, rather, first on the water), for on Wednesday he took out an eight, of which Mr. Ridley, of Jesus, was stroke. Our surmises with regard to this gentleman appear to be verified, and he will keep to rowing instead of athletics, at the latter of which he is so capable of shining. He, after all, like many others, does not fancy himself at what he is really best at. Mr. Benson, at Oxford, will, no doubt, shortly have his men out, and, after a few weeks' practice, we shall be in a position to form some idea of the respective chance of the light and dark blues for their annual race on the Thames.

The International Wrestling Matches, which take place this week at the Agricultural Hall, are, after all, exciting some interest, and various are the opinions as to the chances possessed by the French *lutteurs*. Our opinion is most decidedly that, ere these lines will have been read, Messrs. Jamieson and Wright will have given our French friends a very practical illustration of the "cross buttock," although it is doubtful whether Jamieson's politeness will be as great as on one occasion when, previous to "gripping" his opponent, he enquired if he had any particular fancy as to which way he should be thrown.

Until the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge and the London Athletic Club issue their programmes for the ensuing season, there will be little or nothing to chronicle about amateur pedestrianism. The London Athletic Club held their annual meeting this week, when the Earl of Jersey was again elected to the post of president, with Mr. R. E. Webster as vice-president. Mr. Walter Rye, the champion walker, will again undertake the somewhat thankless office of secretary. Mr. James Waddell, the donor of the half-mile challenge cup, was chosen as treasurer, in the place of Mr. J. B. Martin, who resigned through ill-health. Messrs. W. Waddell, Collett, Nunn, Houseman, Sydenham Dixon, and Evans, were elected on the committee, in the room of a like number of gentlemen who had resigned during the past year.

The Richmond Cricket Club have fixed the 23rd and 30th April for their spring meeting. We are not at all clear as to the advisability of letting a week elapse between the first and second days of the meeting; but the Richmond gathering always has, no matter under what circumstances, been a great success, so doubtless the authorities have fully considered the somewhat unusual step they have taken, and are quite satisfied with their future prospects. A more generally well-arranged meeting for both visitors and competitors does not exist; would there were more of this kind, and then there could be no possibility of athletics descending in the social scale, as will undoubtedly be the case if clubs with high-sounding county titles are allowed to carry on their gate-money specs, and whose members, with few exceptions, are composed of those who put themselves on a par with the *habitués* of Hackney Wick.

The first of the three events to be decided between Lord Albert Clinton and Mr. W. W. Rodgerresulted in favour of the latter. We are not aware of the exact dates when the pigeon-shooting and 10 miles walking-race will come off; when they do, we shall consider the walking a real good thing for Mr. Rodger, despite the fact that Lord Clinton was tried a "good un" over the distance a few days back. The pigeon-shooting should be well contested; but in this, also, we incline to the chance of the Commoner, although not with anything like the degree of confidence we do in the walking match.

Cook, in his exhibition matches, continues to display most wonderful talent; but, whether when playing for a stake against a consummate general like John Roberts, senior, he will display the same coolness which he has shown lately in several matches remains to be seen; in any case, we fancy the "old un," not only from his greater experience, but also from an idea that these continual exhibition matches until the evening before playing for the championship will have the effect of making Cook rather stale, symptoms of which he has undoubtedly shown several times lately.

AMONG THE FERNS AND WITH THE FAWNS.

BY CEDRIC THE SAXON.

(Concluded from the Number of January 22.)

"By countless dogs surrounded, the brave stag yields his breath,
And man and horse with ardour strive to be in at the death;
To see the last of him they sprang, when rose the golden ray,
Whose fleet feet no more can greet the breaking of the day."
Old Song.

SPEAKING in the language of paradox, I answered these spiritual interrogations with *silence*. If your own convictions in any plain proposition, abstruse question, or subtle argument, are just only one degree dead against you, the best policy is to follow the example of Col. Crockett's raccoon—come down from your tree, and surrender to the more convincing power.

I am prepared for what you would say: "The silence of the guilty culprit forms a deadly presumption against him; if he speak, his very

defence often furnishes materials for his conviction."

"Oh wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more encaged—"

I accept the quotation as a fine simile, and as an interpretation which could *only* emanate from our immortal bard, Shakspeare. Nothing but mere novelty in sport, and its pursuit in one of the most lovely parks in England—where Nature had, indeed, been lavish in her enrichments—could have justified this Herod-like destruction of the innocents. I took a long pull, and a strong pull, from the faithful one's flask of raisin and brandy, and filled the "cutty" once more with honey-dew and York River: weak tobacco is ever hostile to sentiment. I wondered if, centuries ago, recourse was had to the barbarous system of reducing a herd to the acreage domain. I should say most decidedly not, for they roamed at will, and browsed unrestrained in their chosen valleys; and early descriptions of the ancient manner of hart-hunting shows us that the *huntsman* (addicted to his cups, as his brethren always were, and perhaps ever will be) rose at early morn to track the deer to his "layre," and then, being sure of his game, returned to the lordlings, whom, we must suppose, dined at our hour of breakfasting, and afterwards hied them to the chase. As William and his army have not yet reached the phalanx of deer, and have had no time to separate the fawns destined to die, I will give you a quaint old ditty, known in the days when, as an obscure history tells, Master William Shakspeare made midnight raids upon the antlered monarchs of the forest. It runs thus:—

"I am the Hunt, which rathe and earely rise,
(My bottell filde with wine in any wise)
Two draughts I drinke to stay my steps withall,
For each foote one, because I would not fall.
Then take my hound, in liam me behind,
The stately Hart in fryth or fell to find.
And whiles I seeke his slotte where he hath fedde,
The sweet birds sing, to cheare my drowsie head.
And when my hound doth straine upon good vent,
I must confess the same doth me content.
But when I have my coverts walkt about,
And harbred fast, the Hart for comming out:
Then I returne to make a graue report,
Whereas I find th' assembly doth resort.
And lowe I crouche, before the Lordlings all,
Out of my Horne, the fewmets let I fall,
And other signs and tokens do I tell,
To make them hope the Hart may like them well.
Then they command, that I the wine should taste,
So bidden mine art: and so my throat I baste.
The dinner done, I go straightwayes againe,
Unto my markes, and shew my master plaine.
Then put my Hound, upon the view to drawe,
And rouse the Hart out of his layre by lawe.
O gamesters all, a little by your leaue,
Can you such ioyes in trifling games conceaue?"

Now there is something like sport in this quaint description of "pricking" and hunting the hart; but to tell the truth, my heart went not with *this* day's sport. I was in the act of knocking out the ashes from the "cutty" on my thumb nail, when a sound reached my ear resembling a distance-mortar (used for measuring distances by a calculation of the fractions of time between the flash and the report), or like those *parterre* guns which old Fillery, the millwright and machinist, discharged beneath the castle walls, on hey-days and holy-days. I was right in my conjecture: the three pints of fifteen-penny ale had made the fisherman reckless in loading; I could tell from every other barrel the boom of the 9-guage. She had been in at the death of the osprey, the hooper, the grey goose, had raked fore and aft every description of wild fowl, and had "slated" an otter in the horse-shoe bend at South Stoke. I took another swig at the flask, put the ramrod down each barrel of the "vixen"—just to make sure and guard against accident through any rising of the charge—and walked quietly in the direction of a wreath of smoke which I could perceive curling upwards at the corner of the round plantation (there are two sides to a round plum pudding, and why not a corner to a round plantation?). I put the skid on (to use a homely term) as I made a careful descent to the valley; and as I climbed the corresponding hill, with a slope of 2½ to 1 ft., my knees were much nearer to my chin than would have suited corpulence, or a tendency to palpitation. When I had reached the summit, I rested upon a "hummock" crowned with heather, and lighted my pipe once again, just to revel in the glories of the landscape. The sun was hot enough to fry "emmets," or, commonly speaking, ants; it was just the hour—

"When heifers seek the cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake."

The herd had reached the extremity of the park on the Houghton side, adjoining one of "those narrough wayes leading from Parham Ash over Houghton Bridge to Arrondell"—the scene of many a bloody scrimmage between the Royalists and the Roundheads. There were in all about 900 head, and it was a sight to see, as they strove to double back. The red deer, hinds, and bucks took the lead, whilst the does took charge of the timid fawn. Dropping shots told of murder here, there, and everywhere, whilst the bewildered herd now swept along the vale, or rushed like an avalanche down the steeps. The herd was uniform in colour and in character, being that dark mouse shade of skin which is said to cover the finest-flavoured venison; yet now and then a fallow deer with dappled sides (like that small but pure herd in Buxted Park, so prized and jealously preserved by the late Lord Liverpool) would shoot out from the ruck; whilst at times a milk-white doe, with her fawn at foot, would light up the herd, like those bright sunny touches which give life to a fine picture.

"O! lead me, guard me from the sultry hours;
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers!"

I exclaimed, as I bent my steps towards the friendly shelter of Stoke Wood, where, *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, I watched the broken columns of the affrighted herd, and listened to straggling distant shots which spoke of the South Stoke and Offham hangers, and told me plainly that our skirmishers had stopped retreat in the direction of Pughdean Bottom and Hiornes Tower, and that the fugitives had doubled back and were making for the pasture-vale immediately below the beech grove, in which I lay in ambush, so as to cover the centre of the valley.

The first notice I received of disordered ranks, was a flying visit from about thirty does, who came with a sort of Chaloner-rush, and halted so close to me that I could note each lustrous eye, and even catch the herbaceous sweetness of their breath. They turned almost instantaneously, and as they rattled through the dried leaves, it conveyed some notion of the mimic thunder carried from town to town by itinerant players. But hark! what means that sharp thud, like a thousand little cloven hoofs striking the springy turf, until, like a gong, increasing its intensity of sound, it seems to resemble the thunder of a "preliminary," previous to the race for the "Stewards' Cup" at Goodwood, the "Royal Hunt Cup" at Ascot, or the "Portland Plate" at Doncaster?

They came sweeping on, one mingled mass of does, prickets, and fawns, like lightning up the vale, and, as I lay, presenting what is termed a left-hand shot. I waited upon the rear division, and two dropped to a double at 1-3 time. I loaded, and gave the shrillest possible call on a long buffalo whistle with one large pea for the trill, the gift of my esteemed friend John F——d—I beg his pardon—now Captain in the R.A.C.; and at whose establishment I purchased my first gun—and a ripper she was! The firm was also famous for what was known as the Hudson-Bay Gun—a 24-guage double, fine stub-twist barrels, to be used for shot or ball; and with a greased leather patch, and a practised eye behind the trigger, a piece of venison could be stopped in the bound at 80 yards, whilst ¾ oz. of shot (No. 7) would secure a dinner from teal or duck in the many swamps to be met with in the Beaver country.

I had scarcely finished capping the "Vixen," and had not moved a foot since the shots, when Jack and t'auld mare came up. He threw an eagle-like glance around, but did not see me as I stood in the dark shadow of a spreading beech. His soliloquy ran thus:—"It was the small bore laid these two little dears low: I could swear to her note; and she shoots as hard, or harder, than any piece amongst the lot." At the end of this sentence I made my appearance. "I thought as much," said Jack; "why, what a chicken-heart you must have! you have not bled them;—this makes 39, and that 40," said Jack, as he (to use his own vernacularism) "throated" them. "I drove this mixed lot," continued Jack, "after a sur*prising* deal of working and dodging, into this vale, which, when undisturbed, is a favourite resort; for Master William and Master John are both at the head of this valley, where a well-beaten deer-track leads through this hanging wood to another ravine, a feeding ground noted for the sweetness of its herbage." "Surely I heard a heavy double shot, and a ringing single!" said I. "And so did I, too," said my companion. "The two brothers are dead shots; but John for choice. I shall find three fawns laid out handsomely, as they should be, with their little throats cut—41, 42, 43," said Jack, as he cantered up the valley. I watched him until hidden by a bend in the vale, and, as he disappeared, exclaimed aloud (in the hope that some manifold-echo would answer, and vibrate o'er hill and dale), "What a unique successor to Calcraft that little piece of callous humanity would make!"

But my history of a day amongst the Ferns and with the Fawns, from sunrise until the approaching setting of the sun, draws to a close. I slowly resumed my way homeward, and, with Job-like patience, waited in the ferns where, in the morning, I had made my first miss—and hit. Two more fell to the Vixen, making a total of forty-nine, and an average to each gun of seven. I have had as many severe walking days as most men in my station, but I think that this day "among the Ferns and with the Fawns" was, without any exception, the most perfect exemplification of pleasure and labour dovetailed. Weary as I was, I yet had sufficient inducement to clamber to a summit where, in Neptune's bounds, I could take my farewell of the parting day, and where, pensive, I could the fading light behold, and o'er the distant billow lose my sight. I had still left a sup in my flask; and, as I entered the Hanger-walk, commencing at the head of the Swanbourne Lake, I thought, as I sent forth my first puff from my last pipe, that it was the most delicious weed that ever palate played with.

In the plain above the Hanger, on the day our gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria, was crowned, a spacious canvas canopy sheltered the fair ones from the falling dew, whilst lads and lasses tripped it merrily to violin, harp, and piccolo; and *I* walked with *some one* in this very path, by the light of the moon, which shone in the palest of pale blue atmospheres.

I was about to leave a district with which I had become familiar in those impressible years, and to make one more in that stream of rustic adventure which feeds this great metropolis, and which forms the vertebræ of London. The pipe conjured up the lines of the poet:—

"Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove;
Alike indulgent to the muse and love;
Ye murm'ring streams that in *mæanders* roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell. —— The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours."

A few short sentences and I have done. I write neither for profit nor fame, but simply to amuse, so far as in my power lies, the readers of this little journal.

The joyous festival of Christmas—when, your Temples made gay with holly bright, laurel green, and sacred mistletoe, Heaven-born charity bids meagre want uprear her sickly head, and shivering limbs be warmed—is past; yet February's month oft brings deep snow and biting frost. Ah! you wince, do you—begin to button up your pockets, and to sneak away?

Now, all I ask in return for my humble, gratuitous labours is, that in the season of distress you will give cheerfully: not like the miser, who for twopence thinks to clear his score with Heaven, then lifts his eyes and hastes to beggar more; but—

"Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late, are importun'd each day,
And still are teaz'd because they still delay."

[Being too unwell to brave the night air, I trusted to a copy, faultless in legibleness, and to an assurance of careful reading, for the correction of the number January 15th; but numerous vexatious and unpardonable blunders were allowed to appear in print. In the number January 22nd, by a peculiar perversity and combination on the part of the late printer and the boy-reader, I was murdered outright, and made to conclude an unfinished narrative. Of course the "Printer's Devil" is at the bottom of every mischief; but I wish the imp would assume some tangible form—say a football, to be presented to the Rugbeans for their sole use and behoof.]—C.T.S.

Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
Under the Sole Management of Mr. A. Harris.
THIS EVENING (Saturday), Jan. 29th, will be performed Offenbach's Operetta, LISCHEN and FRITZCHEN. Lischen, Miss Julia Mathews; Fritzchen, Mr. Wilford Morgan. After which, at a quarter to eight, the new and Grand Spectacular Pantomime, entitled THE YELLOW DWARF; or, Harlequin Cupid and the King of the Gold Mines. The scenery by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Julian Hicks, Dayes and Caney; also by Messrs. W. Telbin and W. Telbin, jun. Principal characters by Mesdames Julia Mathews, Nelly Power, Craven, Esta, Love, Mrs. A. Cook, and Misses Nelly and Maria Harris; Messrs. J. D. Stoyle, A. Cook, H. Payne, F. Payne, and W. H. Payne. Première danseuse, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois. The divertissement and dances arranged by M. Desplaces. Costumes designed by Matt Morgan. The music composed and selected by Mr. Betjemann. The Box-office is open from ten till five. The Pantomime commences at a quarter to eight, and terminates at eleven.

THE YELLOW DWARF.—THIS MORNING (Saturday), last MORNING PERFORMANCE but Two of the GRAND PANTOMIME, commencing at two o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Morning Performance THIS DAY (Saturday)—doors open at half-past one, commence at two—and every Wednesday and Saturday until Saturday, February 26, inclusive. Children and schools at reduced prices to the following parts of the theatre:—First circle, dress circle, and stalls. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—NOTICE.—Notwithstanding the great success of this Pantomime, the Public is respectfully informed that it CANNOT be PERFORMED after SATURDAY, Feb. 26, in consequence of arrangements having been made for an entire change of performances on Monday, Feb. 28. Therefore, to prevent disappointment, an early application for seats is earnestly requested. Box-office open from ten till five daily.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; or, Harlequin Old Mother Bunch. Written by E. L. Blanchard. The characteristic scenery by Mr. Wm. Beverley.—THIS EVENING, at 7.45.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Characters in the opening:—Misses Jessie Vokes, Victoria Vokes, Rosina Vokes, Kate Santley, Hudspeth, Hastings, and Harriet Coveney; Messrs. Fred Vokes, Brittain Wright, W. Fawdon Vokes, and F. Moreland.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Clowns, H. Boleno and Little Rowella. Pantaloons, Paul Herring and J. Morris. Harlequins, S. Saville and W. Fawdon Vokes. Columbines, Misses Grosvenor and Jessie Vokes. Harlequina, Miss Rosina Vokes. Price's Christy's Minstrels. Peterson's Performing Dogs. Le Petit Rarey and his Performing Pony. The celebrated Manley Family. The smallest Brass Band in the World, by the Members of the Tyler Family.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Fanciful Ballets, arranged by Mr. John Cormack. Characteristic music, selected by Mr. W. C. Levey. Produced under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THE MONKEYS.—The most intelligent in all the world, trained by Professor Cormack, B.M., T.R.D.L.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

WIMBLEDON CAMP.—The London Scottish, London Irish, Queen's Westminster, St. George's Rifles, Working Man's Corps, and Royal Artillery efficiently represented by the Drury-lane Juvenile Army of Volunteers, drilled by Brigadier-General Cormack, of the Retired List.—THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—THIS EVENING, and every evening until Saturday, Feb. 12, at seven, A KISS IN THE DARK. At 7.40, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES. Messrs. Buckstone, Chippendale, Howe, Rogers, Braid, and Buckstone, jun.; Miss Robertson, Mrs. Chippendale, Miss C. Hill, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. To conclude with Planché's Fairy Extravaganza, THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS. King Lachrymoso, Mr. A. Wood; Graceful (the King's Minstrel), Miss Fanny Wright; Queen Lucidora (the Fair One with the Golden Locks), Miss Fanny Gwynne; with Miss Murray and Miss Francis. Box-office open daily from ten to five.

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—Mr. Sothern's continued indisposition, and the great attraction of this Comedy, has enabled Mr. Buckstone to repeat the performance of "New Men and Old Acres" until Saturday, Feb. 12. Mr. Sothern will positively appear on Monday, the 14th.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Great success of the new and original Adelphi Drama, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," &c., called "The Nightingale." Third week of a new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough, called "Open to Conviction."—THIS EVENING, at seven, OPEN TO CONVICTION. Characters by Messrs. G. Belmore, C. H. Stephenson, J. D. Beveridge, C. J. Smith, Miss Lennox Grey, Mrs. Leigh Murray. After which, with new scenery by Hawes Craven and assistants, the new and original Adelphi Drama, in five acts, by T. W. Robertson, author of "School," "Caste," "Society," &c., entitled THE NIGHTINGALE. Characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, J. D. Beveridge, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Caulfield, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

THE NIGHTINGALE, the new and original Drama, by T. W. Robertson, Author of "Caste," "Society," "School," &c.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE NIGHTINGALE, by T. W. Robertson.—New scenery, by Hawes Craven, &c.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

OPEN TO CONVICTION, a glorious new and original Farce, by the late Robert Brough.—EVERY EVENING.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Under the Management of the Messrs. Mansell (elegantly redecorated by MacIntosh).
THIS EVENING, the performances will commence at seven, with an entirely new and original Comedy Drama, in two acts, entitled CORRUPT PRACTICES, by F. A. Marshall. Messrs. Coghlan, G. F. Neville, G. Vincent, E. Selwyn, and F. Stainforth; Mesdames Louisa Thorne, S. Rignold, Graham, Wilson, and FitzInman. Scenery by Mr. W. Brew. Furniture by Lyons. After which, at 8.45, a three-act Opera Bouffe, in English, entitled CHILPERIC, by Hervé, in which the following powerful company will appear:—Messrs. M. Marius (from the Folies Dramatiques, Paris), G. Vincent, J. Odell, E. Lapierre, Farquharson, Coghlan, and M. Hervé; Mesdames Dolaro, FitzInman, Romanelli, Nellie Nesbitt, M. Dolby, S. Rignold, S. Lawson, L. Morgan, J. Lee, D'Etienne, B. Linden, L. Wilson, R. Egerton, Lilly Bell, and Emily Muir. Band and chorus selected from the Opera Houses. Conductor, Mr. Frank Musgrave. Groupings and Ballet by Milano. Dresses by Mr. S. May and assistants. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box-office open daily, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
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Printed by AUGUSTUS WINTER, at 3, 4 & 5, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, in the Parish of Allhallows the Great, in the City of London; and published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.—JANUARY 29, 1870.